

THE  
MONTHLY REPOSITORY,  
AND LIBRARY OF  
**Entertaining Knowledge.**

---

VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1834.

NO. 11.

---

FALLS OF THE CHAUDIERE.

ABOUT six miles above Quebec, but on the opposite bank, the river Chaudiere pours its tributary stream into the St. Lawrence. This river, varying in breadth from 1,200 to 1,800 feet, is replete with rapids, and other impediments to navigation. Among others, the cataract most celebrated for its beauty and surrounding scenery, is situated about four miles from the river's mouth, where, narrowed by jutting rocks, extending from each side, the precipice over which the waters rush, is scarcely more than three hundred and ninety feet in breadth; and the height from which they descend is about one hundred and thirty feet. Huge masses of rock which appear to have been rent from their primeval bed by some violent convulsion of nature, rise above the surface of the current, just at the break of the fall, and divide the stream into three portions, forming secondary cascades, which reunite their waters, before they reach the basin below. In some parts, large sheets of water roll unbroken to the bottom. In other places, the liquid element dashes from one fragment of rock to another with wild impetuosity, bellowing and foaming in every hollow cavity that obstructs its progress—thence it rushes down, with the rapidity of lightning, into the boiling surge beneath, where it rages with unconceivable fury, till it is hurried away by a fresh torrent, and loses itself in the channel of the St. Lawrence.

The scenery which accompanies the cataract is extremely picturesque. In the centre, a large fragment of rock, which first divides the water at the summit of the

precipice, forms a small island ; and several fir-trees which grow upon it are thus placed in a most romantic situation. The forest which presses close upon the banks of the river on each side is covered with dark hued foliage, and forms a striking contrast with the snowy whiteness of the falling torrent, and with the columns of sparkling spray which rise in the clouds, and produce in the sun-shine the most splendid variety of prismatic colors.

---

#### THE RIGHT USE OF KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE is power. This saying, which has been so strikingly illustrated by the history of the last fifty years, will no doubt be exemplified, in a still more remarkable manner, by the changes which the next ten or twenty years will produce in the state of society. Whether these changes will be for good or evil, must obviously depend upon the kind of knowledge which will be diffused through the mass of the community, and the direction which shall be given to it, in its application to the great purposes of life. If it be true that knowledge is power, this necessarily follows; for that power, whatever it is, may be for good or evil. It is a giant's strength, which it is excellent to have, if it be used for the ends of virtue and happiness ; but which may be employed to the purposes of a tyrannous malice.

It is impossible that the cultivation of our natural faculties, even to the utmost pitch of advancement, can be in itself wrong : for it is plain, from the very constitution of our nature, that they are given us to be improved ; and their improvement, when it is really improvement, may be made equally conducive to our comfort and happiness, as inhabitants of this material world, and to our preparation for a spiritual state of being. If we are to enter hereafter into such a state, it is so plain that no reasoning can make it plainer, that to prepare for it is the main business of our existence here ; and therefore, such a cultivation or employment of our faculties as thwarts and impedes, instead of seconding and advancing

the work of preparation, does not deserve the name of improvement. Whereas nothing can be more worthy of man, as a thinking and moral creature, destined to advance through successive steps, to a higher and purer order of being, than the diligent exercise and quickening of his mind, and the enlargement of his knowledge, with reference and in subordination to the chief purpose of his existence.

We hold therefore, that knowledge is really valuable, when it is made directly or indirectly serviceable to the ends of virtue ; when it is sanctified in its possession, and guided in its application, by religious principle and feeling. "Seeing," says Lord Bacon, "that knowledge is of the number of those things which are to be accepted of with caution and distinction, being now to open a fountain, such as it is not easy to discern where the issues and streams thereof will take and fall ; I thought it good and necessary, in the first place, to make a strong and sound head, or bank, to rule and guide the course of the waters ; by setting down this position, or firmament, namely, *That all knowledge is to be limited by Religion, and to be referred to use and action.*" This is a very natural and striking similitude. Religion is the strong mound and embankment, which confines the stream of human knowledge within its proper channel, and guides it along its intended course ; so as to fertilize and beautify the country which it would otherwise inundate and lay waste.

With this guard, or firmament, as Bacon terms it, we may admit, that knowledge is not only power, but also virtue and happiness ; a help, that is to say, to virtue, and an instrument of happiness, as far as happiness is to be found in any of the pursuits or acquirements of our present imperfect state. Knowledge, for instance, was a source of happiness to Newton and to Locke ; far more abundant than pleasure, or ambition ; and it was auxiliary to virtue, because it withdrew their attention from objects of sensual enjoyment. But then Newton and Locke were Christians, and referred their extraordinary powers of mind, as well as the results of those powers, to the first Source of Light and Truth under a deep

sense of their own insufficiency, and of the limits which are set to the researches of the human mind. Newton, the most original and patient and sagacious of inquirers into natural and mathematical truth, spoke of himself, with reference to the secrets of God's nature and designs, as a child playing with pebbles on the sea-shore.

We have said, that in the case of these eminent philosophers, knowledge was not only power, but virtue and happiness, because they were Christians. With Voltaire, and Hume, and Gibbon, it was power; but it was not happiness, nor virtue; because it was not sanctified nor directed by Christian belief and principle. For surely that is not happiness, nor the source of happiness, which is no preservative against the most miserable ambition, the most restless uneasiness under the world's opinion, and the most disquieting views of futurity.

While laying up in the storehouse of his memory the materials of useful knowledge, which it will be our object to provide for him, let our reader bear in mind, that there is something to be known above and beyond the scope of unassisted human inquiry—something which transcends the highest flight of human intellect, and is of greater importance than its most sublime discoveries; and that is, the knowledge of God, of His attributes, His purposes, and His laws; a knowledge, for which man must be indebted to God himself, who has revealed it to him in His written Word. To this source and treasury of truth, let him continually recur, for the purpose of humbling intellectual pride by the view of his own sinfulness and weakness; and of withdrawing his mind from too fixed and exclusive a contemplation of secondary causes, to the First Great Cause of all things. Let him accustom himself to trace the Creator in His creatures, *to rise through Nature up to Nature's God*, and to find, in the daily accumulating stores of knowledge, not only the means of worldly advancement, nor merely a resource for his hours of leisure or retirement, but fresh materials of humility and thankfulness. To a mind so disciplined, the pursuit of information will be at once

delightful and profitable; and knowledge will be power, in the highest and noblest sense of the words,—the power of being and doing good.

---

MOZART,

## THE GREAT GERMAN COMPOSER.

THE bodily frame of Mozart was tender, and exquisitely sensible; ill-health overtook him in early life, and brought with it a melancholy approaching to despondency. A short time previously to his death, which happened when he was only thirty-six years old, he composed that famous *Requiem*\* which, by an extraordinary presentiment, he considered as written for his own funeral.

One day, when he was plunged in a profound reverie, a carriage stopped at his door. A stranger was announced, who requested to speak with him. A person, handsomely dressed, and of dignified and impressive manners, was introduced. "I have been commissioned, sir, by a man of considerable importance, to wait upon you." "Who is he?" interrupted Mozart. "He does not wish to be known." "Well, what does he require?" "He has just lost a friend whom he tenderly loved, and whose memory will be ever dear to him. He is desirous of annually commemorating this event by a solemn service, for which he requests you to compose a *Requiem*." Mozart was forcibly struck by this discourse, by the grave manner in which it was uttered, and by the air of mystery in which the whole was involved. He engaged to write the *Requiem*. The stranger continued; "Employ all your genius on this work; it is for a judge." "So much the better." "What time do you ask?" "A month." "'Tis well; in a month I will return. What compensation will you require?" "A hundred ducats." The stranger laid the money on the table, and disappeared.

Mozart remained lost in thought for some time; he

\* A funeral piece of music.

then suddenly called for his materials, and commenced the Requiem. In his rage for composition, he wrote day and night, with an ardor that appeared continually to increase; but his constitution, already in a state of great debility, was unable to support this enthusiasm! One morning, he fell senseless, and was obliged to suspend



*Mozart.*

the work. Two or three days after, when his wife sought to divert his mind from the gloomy presages which occupied it, he said to her, abruptly, "It is certain that I am writing this Requiem for myself: it will serve for my funeral service." This impression was never removed.

As he proceeded, his strength diminished from day to day, but the score was slowly advancing. The month which he had fixed being expired, the stranger again made his appearance. "I have found it impossible to keep my word." "Do not give yourself any uneasiness; what further time do you require?" "Another month: the work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it much beyond the first design." "In that case," said the stranger, "it is just to increase the reward: here are fifty ducats more." "Sir," said Mozart, in increasing astonishment, "who, then, are you?" "That is nothing to the purpose: in a month's time, I will return." Mozart immediately called one of his servants, and ordered him to follow this extraordinary personage. The man returned, unable to trace him.

The great musician then persuaded himself that the stranger was no mortal being, but was sent to announce his approaching end. He applied himself with more ardor to his Requiem, which he regarded as the most durable monument of his genius. While thus employed, he was seized with the most alarming fainting-fits; but the work was completed.

At the time appointed, the stranger returned; but Mozart was no more!

---

### TIMES GO BY TURNS

THE lopped tree in time may grow again,  
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;  
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,  
The driest soil suck in some moist'ning shower.  
Times go by turns, and chances change by course  
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,  
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;  
Her tides have equal times to come and go;  
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.  
No joy so great but runneth to an end,  
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring;  
 No endless night, nor yet eternal day.  
 The saddest birds a season find to sing;  
 The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.  
 Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,  
 That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;  
 That net that holds no great takes little fish:  
 In some things all, in all things none are crost,  
 Few all they need, but none have all they wish.  
 Unmingled joys here to no man befall,  
 Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, 1560

### THE TABLE OF SHEW BREAD

At the time of the conquest of Spain by the Arabs, the Moslem general, Taric, found, near Toledo, a rich pre-



*The Table of Shew Bread.*

cious table, adorned with hyacinths and emeralds. Gelif Aledris, in his description of Spain, calls this remarkable



piece of antiquity, "THE TABLE OF SOLOMON, SON OF DAVID." This table is supposed to have been saved by the Jews, with other precious and sacred vessels, from the pillage of the temple by Nebuchadnezzar, and brought with those fugitives who found their way to Spain. Indeed some writers do not hesitate to assert, that there is little doubt of this having been the original "TABLE OF SHEW BREAD," made by Solomon, spoken of in the BOOK OF KINGS, and by Josephus; and which, with the candlestick and the altar of incense, constituted the three wonders of the temple.

That Table which Titus brought with him on his triumphal return to Rome, was clearly not the same: for when the city and temple, after the first destruction, were rebuilt by the order of Cyrus, the sacred vessels were made anew; similar indeed to the old but of inferior excellence.

---

## CALENDAR OF NATURE.

---

### APRIL.

THOU that hast loved so long and well  
 The vale's deep quiet streams,  
 Where the pure water-lilies dwell,  
 Shedding full tender gleams;  
 And o'er the pool the May-fly's wing  
 Glances in golden eves of spring;—  
 Oh! love and lovely haunts are thine

MRS. HEMANS.

THE month of April is proverbial for its fickleness; for its intermingling showers, flitting gleams of sunshine; for all species of weather in one day; for a wild mixture of clear and cloudy skies, greenness and nakedness, flying hail and abounding blossoms. But to the lover of Nature, it is not the less characterized by the spirit of expectation with which it imbues the mind. We are irresistibly led to look forward, to anticipate with a delightful enthusiasm, the progress of the season. It is one of the excellent laws of Providence, that our minds shall be insensibly moulded to

a sympathy with that season which is passing, and become deprived, in a certain degree, of the power of recalling the images of those which are gone by ; whence we reap the double advantage of not being disgusted with the deadness of the wintry landscape, from a comparison with the hilarity of spring : and when spring itself appears, it comes with a freshness of beauty which charms us at once with novelty, and a recognition of old delights. Symptoms of spring now crowd thickly upon us ; however regular may be our walks, we are daily surprised at the rapid march of vegetation, at the sudden increase of freshness, greenness, and beauty ; one old friend after another starts up before us in the shape of a flower. The violets which came out in March in little delicate groups, now spread in myriads along the hedge-rows, and fill secluded lanes with their fragrance. In some springs, however, though most abundant, yet, perhaps, owing to the dryness of the weather, they are almost scentless. The pilewort, or lesser celandine, too, is now truly beautiful, opening thousands and tens of thousands of its splendidly gilt and starry flowers along banks, and at the feet of sheltered thickets ; so that, whoever sees them in their perfection, will cease to wonder at the admiration which poets have poured out upon them in separate pieces of poetry. Anemonies blush and tremble in copses and pastures ; the wild cherry enlivens the woods ; and in some neighborhoods the vernal crocus presents a unique and most beautiful appearance, covering many acres of meadow with its bloom ; rivalling whatever has been sung of the fields of Enna ; gleaming at a distance like a perfect flood of lilac, and tempting very many little hearts, and many graver ones too, to go out and gather.

The blossom of fruit-trees presents a splendid scene in the early part of the month ; gardens and orchards being covered with a snowy profusion of plum-bloom ; and the black-thorn and wild plum wreath their sprays with such pure and clustering flowers, that they gleam in the shadowy depths of woods as if their boughs radiated with sunshine. In the latter part of the month, the sweet and blushing blossoms of apples and the wilding, fill up the succession,

harmonizing delightfully with the tender green of the expanding leaves, and continuing through part of May.

But perhaps the most delightful of all the features of this month are the return of migratory birds, and the commencement of building their nests. Scores of other old acquaintances suddenly salute you in your walks, with their well-remembered aspects and notes. Perched on their old haunts, and following their diversified habits, they seem as little fatigued, or strange, as if they had worn invisible jackets all winter, and had never left the spot. There is something truly delightful to the naturalist in the beauty of birds' nests, and the endless varieties of colors, spots and hieroglyphic scrolls, on their eggs; the picturesque places in which they are fixed, from the lapwing's on the naked fallow, to that of the eagle in its lofty and inaccessible eyrie; in the different degrees of art displayed, from the rude raft of a few sticks, made by the wood-pigeon, to the exquisite little dome of the golden-crested wren, or the long-tailed titmouse, (*parus caudatus*), a perfect cone stuck between the branches of a tree, having a small hole on one side for entrance; the interior-lined with the most downy feathers, enriched with sixteen or seventeen eggs, like small oval pearls; and the exterior most tastefully decorated with a profusion of spangles of silvery lichen on dark green moss.

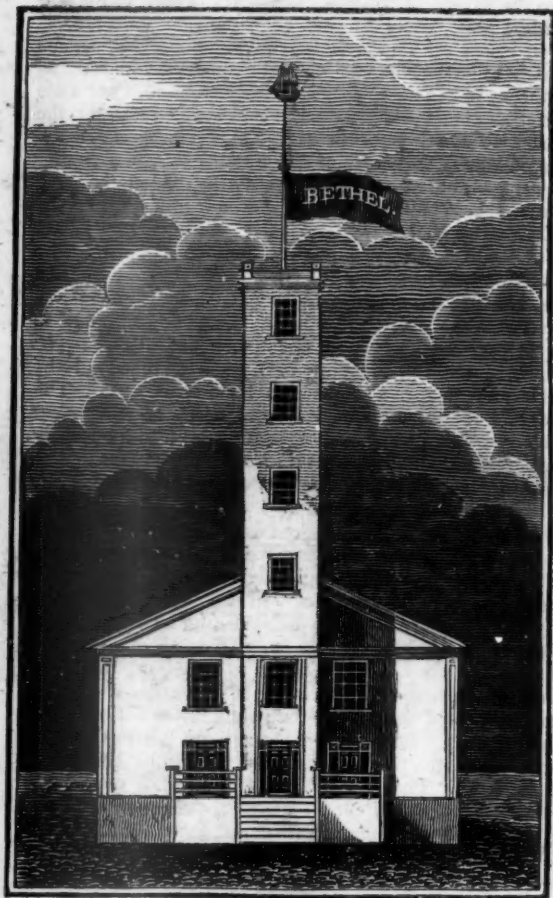
Boys are completely absorbed by their admiration of birds' nests. In vain do parents scold about torn clothes, scratched hands, shoes spoiled with dew; every field and wood is traversed, every bush explored; no tree is too high, no rock too dangerous to climb; sticks split at the end, are thrust into every hollow in wall, eaves, or tree-trunk, to twist out the hidden nest. But it is not boys merely who are struck with the beauty of birds' nests and eggs, and with the picturesque situation in which they are placed; there are few people of taste residing in the country who do not see them with a lively pleasure.

April is so called from the Latin *Aprilis*, which is derived from *Aperire*, to open. The allusion is obvious. The Saxons called it *Oster* or *Easter-monath*, from the feast of the goddess *Eastre*.

The following description of this season of the year is by Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, as modernized by Dr. Warton.

Fresh Aurora, the wife of Tithonus, issued from her saffron bed and ivory house. She was clothed in a robe of crimson and violet color; the cape vermilion, and the border purple. She opened the windows of her handsome hall, overshadowed with roses and filled with balm or nard. At the same time the crystal gates of heaven were thrown open to illumine the world. It was glorious to see the winds appeased, the sea becalmed, the soft season, the serene firmament, the still air, and the beauty of the watery scene. The silver-scaled fishes, on the gravel gliding hastily, as it were from the heat, or seen through clear streams, with fins shining brown as cinnabar, and chisel-tails darted here and there. The new lustre enlightening all the land, beamed on the small pebbles on the sides of rivers, and on the strands, which looked like beryl, while the reflection of the rays played on the banks in variegated gleams. The bladed soil was embroidered with various hues. Both wood and forest were darkened with boughs, which reflected from the ground gave a shadowy lustre to the red rocks. Towns, turrets, battlements, and high pinnacles of churches, castles and of every fair city, seemed to be painted; and, together with every bastion and story, expressed their own shapes on the plains. The glebe, fearless of the northern blasts, spread her broad bosom. The corn crops and the new-sprung barley re-clothed the earth with a gladsome garment. The variegated vesture of the valley clothed the cloven furrow, and the barley-lands were diversified with flowery weeds. The meadow was besprinkled with rivulets, and the fresh moisture of the dewy night restored the herbage which the cattle had cropped in the day. The blossoms in the blowing garden trusted their heads to the protection of the young sun. Rank ivy leaves overspread the walls of the rampart. The blooming hawthorn clothed all the thorns in flowers. The budding clusters of the tender grapes hung end-long, by their tendrils from the trellices. The germs of the trees unlocking, expanded themselves

into the foliage of Nature's tapestry. There was a soft verdure after balmy showers. The flowers smiled in various colors on the bending stalks. Some red, others watchet like the blue and wavy sea, speckled with red and white, or bright as gold. The daisy embraided her little coronet. The grass stood embattled with banewort; the seeded down flew from the dandelion. Young weeds appeared among the leaves of the strawberries and gay gilliflowers. The rose-buds, putting forth, offered their red vernal lips to be kissed; and diffused fragrance from the crisp scarlet that surrounded their golden seeds. Lilies, with white curling tops, showed their crests open. The odorous vapor moistened the silver webs that hung from the leaves. The plain was powdered with round dewy pearls. From every bud, scion, herb, and flower bathed in liquid fragrance, the bee sucked sweet honey. The swans clamored amid the rustling reeds, and searched all the lakes and grey rivers where to build their nests. The red bird of the sun lifted his coral crest, crowing clear among the plants and bushes, picking his food from every path, and attended by his wives Toppa and Partlet. The painted pea-cock with gaudy plumes unfolded his tail like a bright wheel, enshrouded in his silver feathers, resembling the marks of the hundred eyes of Argus. Among the boughs of the twisted olive, the small birds framed the artful nest, or along the thick hedges, or rejoiced with their merry mates in the tall oaks. In the secret nook, or in the clear windows of glass, the spider full busily wove her sly net to ensnare the gnat or fly. Under the boughs that screen the valley, or within the pale-enclosed park, the nimble deer, trooped in ranks, the harts wandered through the thick wood shaws, and the young fawns followed the dappled does. Kids slipped through the briars after the roes, and in the pastures and leas the lambs bleated to their dams. The ringdove coos in the tall copse, the starling whistles her varied descant; the sparrow chirps in the clefted wall; the goldfinch and linnet fill the skies; the cuckoo cries, the quail twitters; while rivers, shaws and every dale resound; and the tender branches tremble on the trees, at the song of the birds and the buzzing of the bees.



BETHEL CHAPEL, NEW-BEDFORD.

**BETHEL CHAPEL, NEW-BEDFORD, MASS.**

THE BETHEL, or Seamen's Chapel,—a good view of which is annexed, was erected by the New-Bedford Port Society, for the moral improvement of Seamen. The Society was formed in January, 1830—the ground on which the Chapel stands, was purchased in March, 1831. In April, 1832, the Society was reorganized under a charter granted by the legislature of Massachusetts. The Rev. ENOCH MUDGE, the present pastor, was engaged as a stated minister, and on the second of May the Chapel was opened for divine service.

The Chapel, 45 by 40 feet, is situated on Prospect Hill, the most elevated site in the centre of the village, and commands a most extensive and delightful prospect over the harbor and surrounding country. It is three stories high—the basement of stone and brick, fitted up in an appropriate manner for the use of seamen. One half of the basement is occupied as a reading room, and is furnished with papers, books, maps, &c. another room is finished for a library and seamen's museum—there is also a school room, thirty-five by twenty feet. The interior of the house is neatly finished—the pews on the first floor are occupied by the seamen and male attendants and visitors, the galleries being exclusively appropriated to ladies. The observatory, or tower, rises seventy feet above the level of the street. It may be justly considered as one of the finest ornaments of the village of New-Bedford, as it is an evidence of gratitude and benevolence on the part of its inhabitants, to that interesting class of men, who peril their lives upon the stormy deep—and by whose means their wealth and comforts are accumulated.

---

HA! is the interjection of laughter—AH! is an interjection of sorrow. The difference betwixt them is very small, as consisting only in the transposition of what is no substantial letter but a bare aspiration. How quickly, in the age of a minute, in the very turning of a breath, is our mirth changed into mourning!—FULLER.

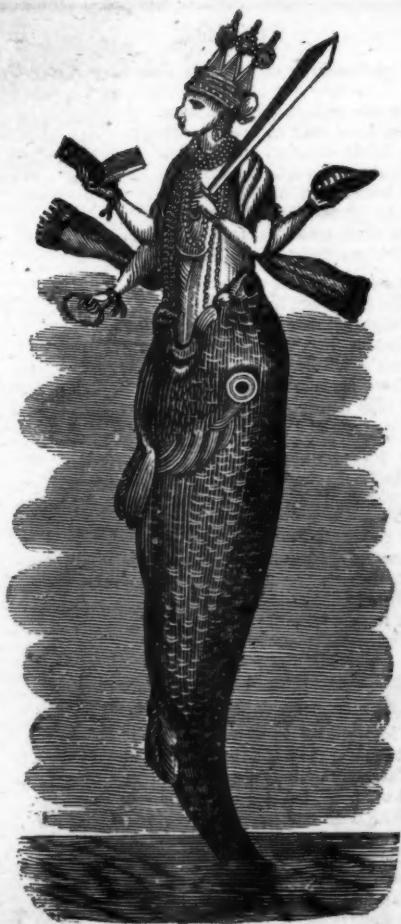
## DAGON

THE ancient figure of this Philistine idol had the body and head of a fish, out of which issued the head of a man, and from below the tail, human feet. From this has been manifestly derived the present figure which the Hindoos call one of the appearances of *Vishnu*. It represents a crowned female with four arms, each holding symbols of the four castes or ranks of East Indian Society, issuing from a great fish, which in Hindoo Mythology is represented as casting her forth after the destruction of an evil dæmon, and the calming of a tempestuous ocean. In this representation we are unavoidably reminded of the great fish which the Lord prepared to swallow Jonah, and which at the command of the Almighty vomited him out upon the dry land. The best naturalists have proved that the fish which swallowed Jonah could not have been any whale known to us, their throats being too small to admit the body of a man; but a shark whose throat and belly is so prodigiously great that it can easily swallow a man without the least hurt.

When the Philistines had taken the ark of God from the Hebrews and conveyed it to Ashdod or Azotus, they placed it in a temple of Dagon, beside the image of that deity. On the following morning when the worshippers entered the temple, they found the idol fallen on his face to the ground, the head and hands being broken off, and only the trunk of the statue remaining in its place. Hence the lines in Milton, who enumerates the god Dagon among the fallen angels:

Next came one,  
Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark,  
Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopped off,  
In his own temple, on the groundsel edge,  
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers:  
Dagon his name—Sea monster—upward man,  
And downward fish—yet had his temple high  
Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast,  
Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon,  
And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier bounds.





DAGON.

## STANZAS,

*Written while sailing through the Delaware Water-Gap.*

ONWARD with gliding swiftness,  
Our light bark cleaves the deep;  
The billow dances in our wake,  
As down the tide we sweep.  
The broad high cliffs above us,  
Like giant columns stand,  
As in their grandeur stationed there,  
The guardians of the land.

Yon radiant clouds are drooping  
Their banners from on high,  
As brightly through their waving folds,  
Gleams forth the azure sky.  
Sunset's rich beams are tinging  
The mountain's lofty crest,  
Yet fails their golden light to reach  
The river's silent breast.

The eagle soars around us,  
His home is on the height,  
To which with eager, upward wing,  
He shoots in airy flight.  
The rough night blast high o'er us,  
Assails the beetling verge,  
And, through the forest's tangled depths  
Murmurs like ocean's surge.  
The foliage trembles to his breath,  
The massive timbers groan,  
But we his might defying, pass  
In sheltered silence on.

Onward! dim night is gathering,  
Those gilded summits fade,—  
And darkly, from the thicket's brow,  
Extends the deep'ning shade.  
It shrouds us, but we pause not:—  
With light and graceful sweep,  
Shadowy and swift, our vessel breaks  
The waters' glassy sleep.  
Their rocky barrier now is past,  
We feel the cool fresh air—  
Yon light is beaming from our home,  
And welcome waits us there.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

It is rather a subject of surprise that, in our general associations, and mixed societies, in times so highly enlightened as the present, when many ancient prejudices are gradually fitting away, as reason and science dawn on mankind, we should meet with so few, comparatively speaking, who have any knowledge of, or take the least interest in, Natural History; or if the subject obtain a moment's consideration, it has no abiding-place in the mind being dismissed as the fitting employ of children and inferior capacities. But the natural historian is required to attend to something more than the vagaries of butterflies, and the spinnings of caterpillars. His study, considered apart from the various branches of science which it embraces, is one of the most delightful occupations that can employ the attention of reasoning beings. And perhaps none of the amusements of human life are more satisfactory and dignified than the investigation and survey of the workings and ways of Providence in this created world of wonders, filled with his never absent power. It occupies and elevates the mind, is inexhaustible in supply, and, while it furnishes meditation for the closet of the studious, gives to the reflections of the moralizing rambler, admiration and delight, and is an engaging companion that will communicate an interest to every rural walk.

We need not live with the humble denizens of the air, the tenants of the woods and hedges, or the grasses of the field; but to pass them by in utter disregard, is to neglect a large portion of rational-pleasure open to our view, which may edify and employ many a passing hour, and, by easy steps, will often become the source whence flow contemplations of the highest order. Young minds cannot be too strongly impressed with the simple wonders of creation by which they are surrounded; in the race of life they may be passed by, the business of life may not admit attention to them, or the unceasing cares of the world may smother early attainments; but they can never be injurious. They will give a bias to a reasoning mind, and tend in some after thoughtful, sobered hour, to comfort and to sooth. The little insights that we have obtained into Nature's works, are many of them the offspring of scientific research; and partial and uncertain as our labours are, yet a brief gleam will occasionally lighten the darksome path of the humble inquirer, and give him a momentary glimpse of hidden truths. Let not, then, the idle and the ignorant scoff at him who devotes an unemployed hour—

No calling left, no duty broke,

to investigate a moss, a fungus, a beetle, or a shell, in "ways of pleasantness and in paths of peace." They are all the formation of Supreme Intelligence, for a wise and worthy end, and may lead us by gentle steps and degrees to a faint notion of the powers of infinite wisdom. They have calmed and amused some of us worms and reptiles, and possibly bettered us for our change to a new and more perfect order of being.

### THE SUPERCILIOUS OWL.

THIS curious horned owl is a native of Guiana, in South America, and its habits agree with those of the rest of its tribe. The owls seek their prey during the twilight, the formation of their eye allowing them distinct vision only at that time. The eye of the owl is extremely large,



SUPERCILIOUS OWL.

and is contained within a bony case, in form something like the frame of a watchmaker's eye-glass: its large size, and peculiar internal arrangement, allowing free entrance to every ray of light, and consequently the power of seeing at times when other birds, on account of the darkness, are unable to avail themselves of the same sense. The extremely downy nature of its feathers, and the peculiarly light construction of its bones, allow it to drop upon its prey with so little noise or agitation of the air, as to render success in taking it by surprise nearly certain. The principal food of these birds consists of mice, and other small animals, which roam abroad in the evening in search of food and they are consequently very useful in the neighbourhood of granaries.

---

#### THE CHASSEUR ANTS OF TRINIDAD.

One morning my attention was arrested at Laurel Hill by an unusual number of black birds, whose appearance was foreign to me; they were smaller, but not unlike an English crow; and were perched on a calabash-tree near the kitchen. I asked the house negress, who at that moment came up from the garden, what could be the cause of the appearance of those black birds? She said "Misses, dem be a sign of the blessing of God; dey are not de blessing, but only de sign, as we say, of God's blessing. Misses, you'll see afore noon-time, how the ants will come and clear the houses." At this moment I was called to breakfast, and thinking it was some superstitious idea of her's, I paid no further attention to it.

In about two hours after this, I observed an uncommon number of *Chasseur Ants* crawling about the floor of the room; my children were annoyed by them, and seated themselves on a table, where their legs did not communicate with the floor. The ants did not crawl upon my person, but I was now surrounded by them. Shortly after this, the walls of the room became covered by them; and next they began to take possession of the ta-

bles and chairs. I now thought it necessary to take refuge in an adjoining room, separated only by a few ascending steps from the one we occupied, and this was not accomplished without great care and generalship, for had we trodden upon one, we should have been summarily punished. There were several ants on the step of the stair, but they were not near so numerous as in the room we had left; but the upper room presented a singular spectacle, for not only were the floor and the walls covered like the other room, but the roof was covered also.

The open rafters of a West India house, at all times afford shelter to a numerous tribe of insects, more particularly the cockroach; but now their destruction was inevitable. The chasseur-ants, as if trained for battle, ascended in regular, thick files to the rafters, and threw down the cockroaches to their comrades on the floor, who as regularly marched off with the dead bodies of cockroaches, dragging them away by their united efforts with amazing rapidity. Either the cockroaches were stung to death on the rafters, or else the fall killed them. The ants never stopped to devour their prey, but conveyed it all to their storehouses.

The windward windows of this room were of glass, and a battle now ensued between the ants and the *jack-spaniards*, on the panes of glass. The *jack-spaniard* may be called the wasp of the West Indies; it is twice as large as a British wasp, and its sting is in proportion more painful. It builds its nests in trees and old houses, and sometimes in the rafters of a room. These *jack-spaniards* were not quite such easy prey, as the cockroaches had been, for they used their wings, which not one cockroach had attempted to do. Two *jack-spaniards*, hotly pursued on the window, alighted on the dress of one of my children. I entreated her to sit still, and remain quiet. In an inconceivably short space of time, a party of ants crawled upon her frock, surrounded, covered the two *jack-spaniards*, and crawled down again to the floor, dragging off their prey, and doing the child no harm.

From this room I went to the adjoining bed-chamber

and dressing-room, and found them equally in possession of the chasseurs. I opened a large military chest full of linens, which had been much infested; for I was determined to take every advantage of such able hunters. I found the ants already inside; I suppose they must have got in some opening at the hinges. I pulled out the linens on the floor, and with them hundreds of cockroaches, not one of which escaped.

We now left the house, and went to the chambers built at a little distance; but these also were in the same state. I next proceeded to open a state-room at the end of the other house for a place of retreat; but to get the key, I hastened to the under room, where the battle was now more hot than ever. The ants had commenced an attack upon the *rats and mice*, which strange as it may appear, were no match for their apparently insignificant foes. They surrounded them as they had the insect tribe, covered them over, and dragged them off with a celerity and union of strength, that no one who has not watched such a scene can comprehend. I did not see one rat or mouse escape, and I am sure I saw a score carried off during a very short period. We next tried the kitchen, for the store-room and boy's pantry were already occupied; but the kitchen was equally the field of battle, between rats, mice, cockroaches, and ants killing them. A huckster negro came up selling cakes, and seeing the uproar, and the family and servants standing out in the sun, he said, "Ah misses, you've got the blessing of God to day, and a great blessing it is to get such a cleaning."

I think it was about ten when I first observed the ants, about twelve the battle was formidable; soon after one o'clock, the great strife began with the rats and mice: and about three, the houses were cleared. In a quarter of an hour more, the ants began to decamp, and soon not one was to be seen within doors. But the grass round the house was full of them: and they seemed now feasting on the remnants of their prey, which had been left on the road to their nests; and so the feasting continued till about four o'clock, when the black birds, who had never been long absent from the *calibash*, and

*poisonous* trees in the neighborhood, darted down among them, and destroyed by millions those who were too sluggish to make good their retreat. By five o'clock, the whole was over; before sun-down, the negro houses were all cleared in the same way; and they told me that they had seen the black birds hovering about the almond-trees close to the negro houses, as early as seven in the morning. I never saw those black birds before or since, and the negroes assured me that they were never seen but at such times.

[*Mrs. Carmichael in the West Indies.*]

---

## MINERAL KINGDOM.

---

### MERCURY

MERCURY is a metal, which, in our climate, is always fluid, but in intense cold, becomes solid, and then resembles silver in appearance, and is malleable. It is sometimes found native, but much more frequently combined with sulphur, when it is denominated *cinnabar*. It is separated from the sulphur by distillation with quick-lime or iron filings. Mercury is obtained abundantly in South America, and in the Austrian dominions. It has a great affinity to other metals. Dip a shilling in mercury, it will be encrusted over, and will require to be rubbed very much before the mercury is got off. The same circumstance will occur, if any other metal be put in mercury. Rub some quicksilver and tin foil together, and they will unite into one mass—such a composition is called an amalgam. Mercury and lead will also combine. If lead, bismuth, and mercury, are united together, the amalgam will be equally fluid with the simple mercury itself. From this circumstance, dishonorable dealers frequently impose on the public this impure composition, and when the metal is to be used medically, dangerous consequences are the result. Mercury is used in barometers, thermometers, in silvering looking glasses, and forming amalgams for gilding and silvering metals—also in the making of vermilion. In



countries where there are gold and silver mines, it is employed in separating the precious metals from extraneous matter. Mercury is nearly fourteen times the weight of water, and is the heaviest of all metals after gold and platinum. In consequence of its great weight, if a piece of stone, iron, lead, or silver, be put in a cup of mercury, it will float in the same manner, and for precisely the same reason, as a piece of wood in water. Mercury is readily soluble in acids, as may easily be ascertained, and from its very extensive use in medicine, there are innumerable preparations of it, by which it may be exhibited in powders, pills, or drops to the patient. The most usual is *calomel*, which is a preparation of mercury and muriatic acid. One preparation of mercury, named *corrosive sublimate*, is a most deadly poison. Mercury will readily unite with sulphur. Melt some sulphur in a crucible on the fire, and then add a little mercury, and stir the whole together, and a sulphate of mercury, or cinnabar will be formed. Vermilion is a beautiful scarlet pigment, prepared from mercury and sulphur, and is called by chemists the red sulphurated oxide of mercury.

The property of mercury dissolving a certain portion of gold and silver, enabled alchymists to impose upon mankind, and make it appear as if they had succeeded in a small degree in discovering the secret of turning metals into gold and silver. In their operations they employed mercury, in which small portions of these metals had been dissolved—and as the mercury was evaporated by great heat, and left the gold and silver behind, the bystanders were made to believe that these metals had actually been produced in operation by the skill of the experimentalist. Calomel is now called, in the nomenclature of the day, the protochloride of mercury, and corrosive sublimate is called the deutochloride. Mercury freezes at  $39^{\circ}$  below Zero, and boils at  $656^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. Being habitually fluid, it very readily combines with most of the metals, to which it communicates more or less of its fusibility. When these metallic mixtures contain a sufficient quantity of mercury to render them soft at a mean temperature, they are called amalgams. It very readily combines with gold, silver,

lead, tin, bismuth, and zinc—more difficultly with copper, arsenic, and antimony—and scarcely at all with platina or iron.

Some of the uses of mercury have already been mentioned in the present article. The amalgamation of the noble metals, water gildings, the making of vermilion, the silvering of looking glasses, the making of barometers and thermometers, and the preparation of several powerful medicines, are the principal uses to which the metal is applied. Scarcely any substance is so liable to adulteration as mercury, owing to the property it possesses of dissolving completely some of the baser metals. This union is so strong, that they even rise along with the quicksilver when distilled. The impurity of mercury is generally indicated by its dull aspect—by its tarnishing, and becoming covered with a coat of oxide, on long exposure to the air—by its adhesion to the surface of glass—and when shaken with water in a bottle, by the speedy formation of a black powder. Lead and tin are frequent impurities, and the mercury becomes capable of taking up more of these, if zinc or bismuth be previously added.

---

## TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

---

### BAY OF QUEBEC.

THE present engraving is an accurate view of the bay of Quebec, and the surrounding scenery. On the right, is the high promontory, situated on the western side of the Montmorenci; the ship, and saw-mill, and two adventurers, on the top of the precipice, give some idea of its height. From the mill, we see the aqueduct passing along the hill; after it begins to descend from the heights, it is covered on the top, with thick plank, strongly bound by timber, to prevent the water from overflowing, for the stream is so copious, as completely to fill this hollow box, through which the water is hurried with a frightful velocity. On the left is Point Levi, opposite to Quebec, and distant from the observer five or six miles; at the foot of



BAY OF QUEBEC.

this promontory, we see a little settlement, a port in miniature, and numbers of ships contiguous. In the extreme distance, are the hills about the mouth of the Chaudiere river, and beyond it; they are from twelve to fifteen, and even twenty miles distant, and are situated on the right bank of the St. Lawrence.

In the middle of the view, on the right is the city of Quebec, exhibiting a part, both of the upper and lower town. We see the upper town, with its crowded show of houses and spires, and with the flag and telegraph on Cape Diamond, surrounded by its military wall, and distant four or five miles; the wall passes along upon the very edge of the precipice of naked black rock. Immediately at the foot of this precipice, is a continuation of the lower town, with its quays, ships, and warehouses, and on its extreme right, we see the steep ascent to the palace gate. The promontory, on the right of the Montmorenci, intercepts the view of Beauport, and of the beautiful slope from it to the St. Lawrence; nor do we see the declivity of the city of Quebec to the north and west; from the highest parts that are in view, it declines very rapidly in that direction, towards the Charles river; and this part is extensive and populous, and includes the fine suburb of St. Johns. The front of the town, towards the St. Lawrence, is circular, presenting its convex side to the rivers, in the form of the exterior curve of an amphitheatre.

Quebec, and its environs, present as magnificent scenery as can well be imagined.—Towers and spires—walls and rocks—cascades and precipices—swelling hills, and luxuriant valleys, and woody mountains—beautiful villages, and numberless solitary villas, and white cottages—with grand rivers, and crowding fleets, are all united to delight the spectator. Such scenes would be esteemed very fine in any country.

---

TRUTH is not only a man's ornament, but his insurment! it is the great man's glory and the poor man's stock; a man's truth is his livelihood, his recommendation, his letters of credit.—WHICHCOTE.

## THE MIRAGE—CITY OF ROSETTA

THE great deserts of Africa form a prominent feature of the country—no other portion of the globe exhibits any thing comparable to them. They are oceans of sand under a burning sky. No cooling breeze freshens the air—the sun descends in overpowering force—the winds scorch as they pass, and bring with them billows of sand, which sometimes swallow up whole caravans and armies, and suffocate them in their pathless depths. A singular phenomena which these deserts exhibit is the *Mirage*, an optical deception produced by the powerful rays of the sun upon the broad surface of sand, which often cheats the eye of the thirsty traveller with the image of a lake of water in the midst of the desert. In Egypt it is not uncommon to see the towers and minarets of a city reflected by the mirage upon the plain before it, with such distinctness that the spectator finds it impossible not to believe it, a wide sheet of water spread before his eyes, rather than a dry expanse of sand. The following extracts from Dr. CLARKE'S Travels in Egypt, will no doubt be read with interest.

“We had to cross a perfect specimen of the pathless African desert, in our way to Utkô. High mounds of sand, shifting with every change of wind, surrounded us on all sides, and concealed the view of other objects. Yet even here were found a few rare plants, and some of these we collected; but the heat was extremely oppressive. We also observed in this desert an interesting proof of the struggle maintained by man against the forbidding nature of the soil. Here and there appeared plantations of pumpkins, and a few jars and cylinders of *terra cotta* containing young palm trees: these were placed in holes deep in the sand; a hollow space surrounding each plant, to collect the copious dew falling every night. The vegetation of Egypt, even the redundant produce of the Delta, is not owing solely to partial inundation from the Nile, or artificial irrigation. When we hear that rain is unknown to the inhabitants, it must not be supposed the land is on that

account destitute of water. From all the observations we could collect during our subsequent residence, it seemed doubtful whether any other country has so regular a supply of moisture from above. Even the sands of the desert partake largely of "the dew of heaven," and, in a certain degree, of "the fatness of the earth." Hence it is that we meet with such frequent allusion to the copious dew distilled upon oriental territories in the sacred writings. Brotherly love is compared by David to "the dew of Hermon." The goodness of Judah is described as the dew. "The remnant of Jacob shall be" it is said, "in the midst of many people, as a dew from the Lord." And the blessings promised by the son of Beer, are to "be as the dew unto Israel." In all this sandy district, palm trees are very abundant, and their presence is a never-failing indication of water below the surface: wheresoever they are found, a brackish and muddy pool may speedily be formed, by digging a well near their roots. The natives are chiefly occupied in the care of them; tying up their blossoms with bands formed of the foliage, to prevent their being torn off, and scattered by the winds. Our soldiers were at first ignorant of the extent of the mischief caused by cutting down these trees, each of which proves as a little patrimony to the native who is fortunate enough to be its owner. We had ventured into these wilds without guides; and were therefore glad to perceive, as we advanced, the tracks of dromedaries' feet upon the sand, crossing the line we pursued. Following the track marked out by these animals, we presently arrived at the wretched solitary village of Utkô, near the muddy shore of the lake Maadie. Here we procured asses for all our party, and, setting out for Rosetta, began to recross, the desert appearing like an ocean of sand, but flatter and firmer, as to its surface, than before. The Arabs, uttering their harsh guttural language, ran chattering by the side of our asses; until some of them calling out "*Raschid!*"\* we perceived its domes and tur-

\* Rosetta, or *Raschid*, is a town of Egypt, of considerable size and population, founded in the eighth century, as some have said, though Elmacin informs us that it was built during the reign of Elmetonakkol, caliph of Bagdad, toward the year 870 of our own era. Although

rets, apparently upon the opposite side of an immense lake or sea, that covered all the intervening space between us and the city. Not having in my own mind, at the time, any doubt as to the certainty of its being water, and seeing the tall minarets and buildings of Rosetta, with all its groves of dates and sycamores as perfectly reflected by it as by a mirror, insomuch that even the minutest detail of the architecture and of the trees might have been thence delineated, I applied to the Arabs to be informed in what manner we were to pass the water. Our interpreter, although a Greek, and therefore likely to have been informed of such a phenomenon, was as fully convinced as any of us that we were drawing near to the water's edge, and became indignant when the Arabs maintained that within an hour we should reach Rosetta by crossing the sands in the direct line we then pursued, and that there was no water. "What," said he, giving way to his impatience, "do you suppose me an idiot, to be persuaded contrary to the evidence of my senses?" The Arabs, smiling, soon pacified him, and completely astonished the whole party, by desiring us to look back at the desert we had already passed, where we beheld a precisely similar appearance. It was, in fact, the *mirage*, a prodigy to which every one of us were then strangers, although it afterward became more familiar. Yet upon no future occasion did we ever behold this extraordinary illusion so marvellously displayed. The view of it, afforded us ideas of the horrible despondency to which travellers must sometimes be exposed, who, in traversing the interminable desert, destitute of water, and perishing with thirst, have sometimes this deceitful prospect before their eyes.

"Before arriving at Rosetta, we climbed some mountains of sand. Here we were unexpectedly greeted with an astonishing view of the Nile, the Delta, and the numerous groves in all the neighborhood of Rosetta. The scene

Rosetta was built at the mouth of the Nile, it is now two leagues from it, yet the walls of the houses are annually washed without injury by the inundations of that river. Its population like that of Alexandria, progressively declines. The present number of inhabitants amounts to about ten thousand.

is beyond description. The sudden contrast it offers, opposed to the desert we had traversed, the display of riches and abundance poured forth by the fertility of this African paradise, with all the local circumstances of reflection excited by an extensive prospect of the Nile, and of the plains of Egypt, render it one of the most interesting sights in the world. The beautiful boats peculiar to the Nile, with their large wide-spreading sails, were passing up and down the river. Unable to quit the spot, we remained some time contemplating the delightful picture. Afterward, descending on foot, close by the superb mosque of Abumandur, we continued our walk along the banks of the Nile, through gardens richer than imagination can portray, beneath the shade of enormous overhanging branches of sycamore and fig trees, amidst bowers of roses, and through groves of date, citron, lime, and banana trees, to Rosetta. All authors mention the beauty of its scenery, complaining only of the monotony and dulness of the city. At the time we saw it, no such complaint was applicable; for, with unrivalled natural beauty, Rosetta then exhibited one of the liveliest and most varied pictures of human life it is possible to behold. From the different people by whom it was thronged, its streets resembled an immense masquerade.

---

#### THE YOUNG SAVAGE OF AVEYRON.

When the young creature, known by the name of the Savage of Aveyron, was discovered in the forest of Canni, and brought to Paris by the Professor Bonaterre, the public for a considerable time echoed with this intelligence. It occupied the idle, attracted the curious, and gave rise to a multitude of discussions which were at least premature, as they could then have no foundation but conjecture.

The boy was committed to the care of Mons. Ytard, physician of the National Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in order that, by the combination of physical and moral remedies, the double incapacities under which he



labored might be more effectually removed. M. Ytard's exertions have already been crowned with a degree of success which is almost prodigious; he has published the particulars, which he has dedicated to the National Institute.

The eye of this child was wild and wandering; he saw, without doubt, but he never dwelt on the object. The loudest noises appeared scarcely to strike his ear; a pistol-shot would not make him turn his head; superficial observers would have concluded that he was deaf—but M. Ytard was aware that, even when the sense is perfect, no perception is produced unless the mind is attentive, and he was not astonished that the violence of this sound made no impression on a being whom it could not interest. He



*Young Savage of Aveyron.*

found a new proof of the justness of this observation in the attention which his pupil bestowed on the smallest sound which could interest him, such as the cracking of a nut, or the turning of a key.

In the mean time new habits were formed in the boy; a number of new necessities arose—food, dress, rest, and walking out, were so many new means of augmenting his dependence. Finding himself under the necessity of availing himself of those about him, he has begun to feel the force of moral affections, and has conceived a particular attachment for his governess. His ideas have been multiplied and connected; some efforts have been made to amuse him, and it is contrived to unite instruction with amusement. He has been exercised at comparisons; they have accustomed him to compare objects with their images; and in these comparisons he has been constrained to use only the united powers of judgment and of memory. M. Ytard thought this a favorable moment to teach him our written characters, and he made use of the method employed in the instruction of the deaf and dumb: he wrote the name of the object on the image, and then by effacing the image, he hoped that the name would remain connected with the resemblance of the object; but this method proved unsuccessful. Other means were then used, the effect of which was as happy as could be hoped. The boy now distinguishes the characters of the alphabet, and places them in their order; he pronounces the words, *lait, soupe*, (milk, soup,) in the common tone, and then brings the proper letters, and forms these words. In this manner he every day acquires a new word; he has already passed the limits of ignorance—he has entered on the territory of reason; he is in possession of some of our terms of speech, and will soon be enabled to give us some information respecting his early condition—a subject which, of all others, must be most interesting to curiosity.

---

UNSOCIABLE humors are contracted in solitude, which will, in the end, not fail of corrupting the understanding, as well as the manners, and of utterly disqualifying a man for the satisfactions and duties of life. Men must be taken as they are, and we neither make them or ourselves better, either by flying from or quarrelling with them.—BURKE,





Fountains and Water Bottles of the East.